



A

Midsummer - Night's

DREAM.

A

COMEDY.

---

By SHAKESPEAR.

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LONDON:

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M.DCC.XXXV.

# Dramatis Personæ.

**T**Heseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lyfander, *in Love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in Love with Hermia.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Taylor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, be-  
troathed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in Love with  
Lyfander.*

Helena, *in Love with Demetrius.*

## ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustardseed,

} *Fairies.*

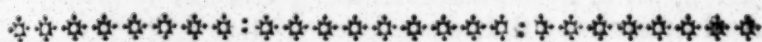


Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE *Athens, and a Wood not far  
from it.*



# *A Midsummer - Night's* **D R E A M.**



## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Theseus and Hippolita, with Attendants.*

*T H E S E U S.*

**N**OW, fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour  
Draws on apace; four happy Days  
bring in  
Another Moon: But oh, methinks,  
how slow  
This old Moon wanes! She lingers  
my Desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,  
Long withering out a young Man's Revenue.

*Hip.* Four Days will quickly steep themselves in  
Nights,

Four Nights will quickly dream away the Time:  
And then the Moon, like to a Silver Bow,  
New bent in Heaven, shall behold the Night  
Of our Solemnities.

*The.* Go, *Philstrate*,

Stir up the *Athenian* Youth to Merriments,  
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of Mirth,  
Turn Melancholly forth to Funerals;

The pale Companion is not for our Pomp.

*Hippolita*, I woo'd thee with my Sword,

A 2

And

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And won thy Love, doing thee Injuries:  
But I will wed thee in another Key,  
With Pomp, with Triumph, and with Revelling.

*Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius.*

*Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

*The.* Thanks good *Egeus*; what's the News with thee?

*Ege.* Full of Vexation, come I, with Complaint  
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*,  
Stand forth *Demetrius*. My noble Lord,  
This Man hath my Consent to marry her.  
Stand forth *Lysander*. And, my gracious Duke,  
This hath bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child:  
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou has given her Rhimes,  
And interchang'd Love-tokens with my Child:  
Thou hast, by Moon-light, at her Window sung,  
With feigning Voice, Verses of feigning Love,  
And stoll'n th' Impression of her Fantasie,  
With Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Gawds, Conceits,  
Knacks, Trifles, Nofegays, Sweet-meats, Messengers  
Of strong Prevailment in unharden'd Youth:  
With Cunning hast thou filch'd my Daughter's Heart,  
Turn'd her Obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn Harshness. And, my gracious Duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your Grace  
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,  
I beg the ancient Privilege of *Athens*,  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,  
Or to her Death, according to our Law,  
Immediately provided in that Case.

*The.* What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair Maid:  
To you your Father should be as a God;  
One that compos'd your Beauties; yea, and one,  
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax  
By him imprinted; and within his Power,  
To leave the Figure, or disfigure it:  
*Demetrius* is a worthy Gentleman.

*Hcr.* So is *Lysander*.

*The.* In himself he is;  
But in this kind, wanting your Father's Voice.

The

Let me have *Hermia's*; do you marry him.  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.

*The.* Rather your Eyes must with his Judgment  
look.

*Her.* I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,  
I know not by what Power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my Modesty  
In such a Presence here to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this Case,  
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

*The.* Either to die the Death, or to abjure  
For ever the Society of Men.  
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your Desires,  
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood.  
Whether, if you yield not to your Father's Choise.  
You can endure the Livery of a Nun,  
For aye to be in shady Cloister mow'd,  
To live a barren Sister all your Life,  
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitless Moon.  
Thrice blessed they that master so their Blood,  
To undergo such Maiden Pilgrimage.  
But earlier happy is the Rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the Virgin Thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,  
Ere I will yield my Virgin Patent up  
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd Yoak  
My Soul consents not to give Sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause and by the next New Moon,  
The sealing Day betwixt my Love and me,  
For everlasting Bond of Fellowship,  
Upon that Day either prepare to die,  
For Disobedience to your Father's Will,  
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,  
Or on *Diana's* Alter to protest,  
For aye, Austerity and single Life

*Dem.* Relent, sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield  
Thy crazed Title to my certain Right.

*Lys.* You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*;

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*Ege.* Scornful *Lysander*! true, he hath my Love;  
And what is mine, my Love shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my Right of her  
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

*Lys.* I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possessest: My Love is more than his:  
My Fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:  
And, which is more than all these Boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my Right?

*Demetrius*, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made Love to *Nedar's* Daughter, *Helena*,  
And won her Soul; and she, sweet Lady, doats,  
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant Man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much:  
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof?  
But being over-full of Self-affairs,

My Mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,  
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arm your self,  
To fit your Fancies to your Father's Will:  
Or else the Law of *Athens* yields you up  
(Which by no Means we may extenuate)  
To Death, or to a Vow of single Life.

Come my *Hippolita*, what Cheer. my Love?

*Demetrius* and *Egeus* go along,  
I must employ you in some Business  
Against our Nuptials, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

*Ege.* With Duty and Desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*  
*Manent Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* How now, my Love? why is your Cheek so pale,  
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of Rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the Tempest of mine Eyes.

*Lys.* *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by Tale or History,  
The Course of true Love never did run smooth.  
But either it was different in Blood----- *Her.*

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to Love.

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years---

*Her.* O Spight! too old to be engag'd to young.

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the Choice of Merit---

*Her.* O Hell! to chuse Love by another's Eye.

*Lys.* Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,

War, Death or Sicknes, did lay Siege to it;

Making it momentary as a Sound!

Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,

Brief as the Lightning in the collid Night,

That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;

And 'ere a Man hath Power to say, Behold,

The Jaws of Darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright Things come to Confusion.

*Her.* If the true Lovers have been ever cross,

It stands as an Edict in Destiny:

Then let us teach our Trial Patience,

Because it is a Customary Cross,

As due to Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,

Wishes and Tears, poor Fancy's Followers.

*Lys.* A good Persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*,

I have a Widow-Aunt, a Dowager,

Of great Revenue, and she hath no Child;

From *Athens* is her House remov'd seven Leagues,

And she respects me as her only Son:

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,

And to that Place the sharp *Athenian* Law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy Father's House to morrow Night;

And in the Wood, a League without the Town,

Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,

To do Observance for a Morn of *May*,

There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good *Lysander*,

I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest Bow,

By his Best Arrow with the Golden Head,

By the Simplicity of *Venus's* Doves,

By that which knitteth Souls, and prospers Love,

And by that Fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,

When the safe *Trojan*, under Sail was seen,

By all the Vows that ever Men have broke,

In number more than ever Women spoke,

In



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In that same Place thou hast appointed me,  
To Morrow truly will I meet with thee,

*Lys.* Keep Promise Love, Look here comes *Helena*  
*Enter Helena,*

*Her.* God speed fair *Helena*, whither away?

*Hell.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,

*Demetrius* loves you fair; O happy fair!  
Your Eyes are Load-stars, and your Tongue's sweet  
More tunable than Lark to Shepherd's Ear, (Air  
When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds ap-  
Sickness is catching: O were Favour so, (pear  
Your Words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, 'ere I go,  
My Ear should catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,  
My Tongue should catch your Tongue's sweet Me-  
Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated, (lody  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O teach me how you look, and with what Art  
You sway the Motion of *Demetrius'* Heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still,

*Hel.* O that your Frowns would teach my Smiles  
such Skill.

*Her.* I give him Curses, yet he gives me Love

*Hel.* Oh that my Prayers could such affection move.

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His Folly, *Helena*, is none of mine.

*Hel.* None but your Beauty, would that Fault were  
mine.

*Her.* Take Comfort; he no more shall see my Face.

*Lysander* and my self will fly this Place.

Before this time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what Graces in my Love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a Heaven into Hell?

*Lys.* *Helena*, to you our Minds we will unfold;  
To Morrow Night, when *Phabe* doth behold  
Her Silver Visage in the wat'ry Glass,  
Decking with Liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,  
A Time that Lovers Flights doth still conceal,  
Through *Athens* Gate have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the Wood, where often you and I

Upon

Upon faint Primrose Beds were wont to lye.  
 Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd ;  
 There my *Lysander* and my self shall meet,  
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our Eyes.  
 To seek new Friends and strange Companions.  
 Farewel sweet Play-fellow ; pray thou for us,  
 And good Luck grant thee thine *Demetrius*.  
 Keep Word, *Lysander* we must starve our Sight  
 From Lovers Food, 'till Morrow deep Midnight.

[Exit *Hermia*.]

*Lys.* I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,  
 As you on him, *Demetrius* doats on you. [Exit *Lysander*.]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er othersome can be !  
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.  
 But what of that : *Demetrius* thinks not so :  
 He will not know, what all but he doth know.  
 And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* Eyes,  
 So I, admiring of his Qualities :  
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
 Love can transpose to Form and Dignity :  
 Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,  
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind :  
 Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment taste ;  
 Wings and no Eyes, Figure unheedy hast.  
 And therefore is Love said to be a Guild,  
 Because in Choice he often is beguill'd.  
 As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,  
 So the Boy Love is perjurd every where.  
 For 'ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermia's* Eyne,  
 He hail'd down Oaths that he was only mine :  
 And when this Hail some Heat from *Hermia* felt,  
 So he dissolv'd, and Showers of Oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* Flight :  
 Then to the Wood will he to Morrow Night  
 Pursue her ; and for this Intelligence  
 If I have Thanks, it is a dear Expence.  
 But herein mean I to enrich my Pain,  
 To have his Sight thither, and back again. [Exeunt.]  
*Enter* Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and  
 Starveling.

*Quin.* Is all your Company here ?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally Man By  
 Man

Man according to the Scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the Scrown of every Man's Name, which is thought fit through all *Athens* to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheffs, on his Wedding-day at Night.

*Bot.* First, good *Peter Quince*: say what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors, and so grow on to a Point.

*Quin.* Marry our Play is the most lamentable Comedy. and most cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

*Bot.* A very good piece of Work I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scrowl. Masters spread your selves.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

*Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a Lover or a Tyrant?

*Quin.* A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for Love.

*Bot.* That will ask some Tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the Audience look to their Eyes, I will move Storms? I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks, and shivering Shoks shall break the Locks of Prison-Gates, and *Phibbus* Carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the Foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* Vein, a Tyrant's Vein; a Lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here *Peter Quince*.

*Quin.* You must take *Thisby* on you.

*Flu.* What is *Thisby*; a wandring Knight?

*Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

*Flu.* Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a Beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.*

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*Bot.* And I may hide my Face, let me play *Thisby* too: I'll speak in a monstrous little Voice, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my Lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear and Lady dear.

*Quin.* No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

*Star.* Here *Peter Quince*.

*Quin.* *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* Mother.

*Tom Snowt*, the Tinker.

*Snowt.* Here *Peter Quince*.

*Quin.* You *Pyramus's* Father; my self, *Thisby's* Father; *Snug*, the Joiner, you the Lion's part; I hope there is a Play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the Lion's Part written Pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of Study.

*Quin.* You may do it Extempore, for it is nothing but Roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any Man's Heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will make the Duke say, say, Let him roar again let him roar again.

*Quin.* If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheffs and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every Mother's Son.

*Bot.* I grant you Friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more Descretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roar an 'twere any Nightingal.

*Quin.* You can play no Part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd Man, a proper Man as one shall see in a Summer's Day; a most lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.*

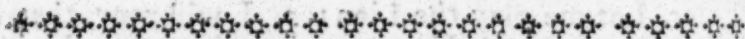
*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your Straw-colour Beard, your Orange tawny Beard, your Purple-in-grain Beard; or your *French-Crown* colour'd Beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your *French-Crowns* have no Hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But Masters here are your Parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to Morrow Night: and meet me in the *Palace-Wood*, a Mile without the Town by Moonlight, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the City, we shall be dog'd with Company, and our *Devises* known. In the mean time I will draw a *Bill of Properties*, such as our Play wants, I pray you fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Duke's Oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut Bowstrings. [Exeunt.]



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck or Robin-goodfellow at another.*

*Puck.* **H**OW now Spirit, whither wander you?  
*Fai.* Over Hill over Dale, through Bush  
 through Briar,  
 Over Park, over Pale, through Flood, through Fire,  
 I do wander every where, swifter than the Moon's  
 Sphere;  
 And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her Orbs up-  
 on the Green.  
 The Cowslips tall her Pensioners be,  
 In their gold Coats Spots you see,  
 Those be Rubies, Fairy Favours,  
 In those Freckles live their Savours:

I must go seek some Dew-Drops here,  
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslip's Ear.  
Farewell thou Lob of Spirits, I'll be gone,  
Our Queen and her all Elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The King doth keep his Revels here to  
Night,

Take heed the Queen come not within his Sight,  
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her Attendant, hath  
A lovely Boy stol'n from an *Indian* King,  
She never had so sweet a Changeling ;  
And jealous *Oberon* would have the Child  
Knight of his Train, to trace the Forests wild ;  
But she per-force with-holds the loved Boy,  
Crowns him with Flowers, and makes him all her  
Joy :

And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,  
By Fountain Clear, or spangled Star-light sheen,  
But they do square, that all their Elves for fear  
Creep into Acorn Cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your Shape and Making quite,  
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish Sprite  
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,  
That fright the Maidens of the Villagenee,  
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,  
And bootless make the breathless Hufwife chern,  
And sometime make the Drink to bear no Barme,  
Mis-lead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm ?  
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,  
You do their Work, and they shall have good Luck.  
Are not you he ?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright ;  
I am that merry wanderer of the Night :  
I jest to *Oberon* and make him smile  
When I a fat and bean-fed Horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness like a silly Foal :  
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossips's Bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted Crab,  
And when she drinks, again her Lips I bob,  
And on her withered Dewlap pour the Ale.  
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,

Sometime

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Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,  
 Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she,  
 And Tailor cries, and falls into a Cough,  
 And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and loffe,  
 And waxen in their Mirth and neeze and swear,  
 A merrier Hour was never wasted there.  
 But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my Mistrefs :  
 Would that we were gone.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one Door with his Train,  
 and the Queen at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by Moon-light,  
 Proud *Titania*.

*Queen.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence,  
 I have forsworn his Bed and Company.

*Ob.* Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

*Queen.* Then I must be thy Lady; but I know  
 When thou wast stoll'n away from Fairy Land,  
 And in the shape of *Corin* sat all Day,  
 Playing on Pipes of Corn, and versing Love  
 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,  
 Come from the farthest steep of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,  
 Your buskin'd Mistrefs, and your Warrior Love,  
 To *Theseus* must be wedded, and you come,  
 To give their bed Joy and Prosperity.

*Ob.* How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,  
 Glance at my Credit with *Hippolita*,  
 Knowing I know thy Love to *Theseus*?  
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering  
 Night

From *Peregina*, whom he ravished,  
 And make him with fair *Egle* break his Faith,  
 With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

*Queen.* These are the Forgeries of Jealousie,  
 And never since the middle Summer's Spring,  
 Met we on Hill, in Dale, Forest, or Mead,  
 By paved Fountain, or by rushy Brook,  
 Or in the beached Margent of the Sea,  
 To dance our Ringlets to the whistling Wind,  
 But with thy Brawls thou hast disturb'd our Sport.

Therefore

Therefore the Winds piping to us in vain,  
As in Revenge have suck'd up from the Sea  
Contagious Fogs; which falling in the Land,  
Have every petty River made so proud,  
That they have over-born their Continents.  
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his Yoak in vain,  
The Ploughman lost his Sweat, and the green Corn  
Hath rotted, ere his Youth attain'd a Beard,  
The Fold stands empty in the drowned Field,  
And Crows are fatted with the Murrion Flock,  
The Nine-mens.morris is fill'd up with Mud,  
And the queint Mazes in the wanton Green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.  
The human Mortals want their Winter here,  
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol blest:  
Therefore the Moon, the Governess of Flood,  
Pale in her Anger, washes all the Air;  
That Rheumatick Diseases do abound.  
And thorough this Distemperature, we see  
The Seasons alter; hoary-headed Frosts  
Fall on the fresh Lap of the Crimson Rose,  
And on old Hyem's Chin and Icy Crown,  
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer Buds  
Is as in Mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,  
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change  
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed World,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which;  
And this same Progeny of evil comes  
From our Debate, from our Dissention,  
We are rheir Parents and Original.

*Ob.* Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.  
Why should *Titania* cros her *Oberon*?  
I'do but beg a little changeling Boy,  
To be my Henchman.

*Queen.* Set your Heart at rest,  
The Fairy-land buys not the Child of me.  
His Mother was a Votress of my Order,  
And in the spiced *Indian* Air by Night  
Full often she hath gossip't by my side,  
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow Sands,  
Marking th'embarked Traders of the Flood,

When



When we have laught to see the Sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton Wind :  
 Which she with pretty and with swimming Gate,  
 Following (her Womb then rich with my young  
     Squire)

Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,  
 To fetch me Trifles, and return again,  
 As from a Voyage rich with Merchandize:  
 But she being mortal, of that Boy did die,  
 And for her sake I do rear up her Boy,  
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long within this Wood intend you stay?

*Queen.* Perchance 'till after *Theseus'* Wedding-day.  
 If you will patiently dance in our Round,  
 And see our Moon-light Revels, go with us ;  
 If not, shun me and I will spare your Haunts.

*Ob.* Give me that Boy, and I will go with thee.

*Queen.* Not for thy fairy Kingdom. Fairies away:  
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exit.*]

*Ob.* Well, go thy way ; thou shalt not from this  
 'Till I torment thee for this Injury. (Grove,  
 My gentle *Puck* come hither ; thou remembrest  
 Since that I sate upon a Promontory,  
 And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,  
 Uttering such Dulcet and Harmonious Breath,  
 That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,  
 And certain Stars shot madly from their Spheres,  
 To hear the Sea-maid's Musick.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,  
 Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,  
*Cupid* all arm'd ; a certain Aim he took  
 At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,  
 And loos'd his Love-shaft smartly from his Bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand Hearts ;  
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery Shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste Beams of the wat'ry Moon,  
 And the Imperial Votress-passed on,  
 In Maiden-Meditation, fancy-free.  
 Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell,

It fell upon a little western Flower ;  
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound,  
And Maidens call it, Love in Idleness.  
Fetch me that Flower ; the Herb I shew'd the once ;  
The Juice of it, on sleeping Eye-lids laid,  
Will make a Man or Woman madly doat  
Upon the next live-Creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this Herb. and be thou here again  
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a League.

*Puck.* I'll put a Girdle about the Earth in forty  
Minutes. [Exit.]

*Ob.* Having once this Juice,  
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,  
And drop the Liquor of it in her Eyes :  
The next thing which she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull ;  
Or meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape)  
She shall pursue it with the Soul of Love ;  
And ere I take this Charm off from her Sight,  
(As I can take it with another Herb)  
I'll make her render up her Page to me.  
But who comes here ? I am invisible,  
And I will over-hear their Conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia* ?  
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this Wood ;  
And here am I, and wood within this Wood,  
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.  
Hence get thee gone and follow me no more,

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,  
But yet you draw not Iron ; for my Heart  
Is true as Steel. Leave you your Power to draw,  
And I shall have no Power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?  
Or rather do I not in plainest Truth,  
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love thee the more ;  
I am your Spaniel, and *Demetrius*,  
The more you beat me I will fawn on you :

Use me but as your Spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me Leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser Place can I beg in your Love,  
(And yet a Place of high Respect with me)  
Than to be used as you do your Dog;

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the Hatred of my  
Spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your Modesty too much,  
To leave the City, and commit your self  
Into the Hands of one that loves you not,  
To trust the Opportunity of Night,  
And the ill Council of a desert Place,  
With the rich Worth of your Virginity.

*Hel.* Your Virtue is my Privilege; for that  
It is not Night when I do see your Face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the Night.  
Nor doth this Wood lack Worlds of Company,  
For you, in my Respect, are all the World.  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the World is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in the Brakes,  
And leave thee to the Mercy of wild Beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a Heart as you;  
Run when you will, the Story shall be chang'd:  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace;  
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the mild Hind  
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed!  
When Cowardice pursues, and Valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy Questions let me go,  
Or if you follow me, do not believe,  
But I shall do thee Mischief in the Wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the Temple, in the Town and Field  
You do me Mischief. Fye, *Demetrius*,  
Your Wrongs do set a Scandal on my Sex:  
We cannot fight for Love, as Men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I follow thee, and make a Heav'n of Hell,  
To die upon the Hand I love so well. [Exeunt  
O

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*Ob.* Fare thee well, Nymph: ere he do leave this Grove

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy Love.  
Hast thou the Flower there? Welcome Wanderer.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Ob.* I pray thee give it me:

I know a Bank where the wild Time-blows,  
Where the Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,  
Quite over canopy'd with luscious Woodbine,  
With sweet Musk Roses, and with Eglantine,  
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the Night,  
Lull'd in these Flowers, with Dances and Delight;  
And there the Snake throws her enamell'd Skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:  
And with the Juice of this I'll streak her Eyes,  
And make her full of hateful Fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this Grove;

A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love

With a disdainful Youth; anoint his Eyes,

But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the Man,

By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.

Effect it with some Care, that he may prove

More fond of her than she upon her Love;

And look you meet me ere the first Cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not my Lord, your Servant shall do so.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.*

*Queen.* Come now a Roundel, and a Fairy Song:

Then for the third Part of a Minute hence,

Some to kill Kankers in the Musk-Rose Buds,

Some war with Reremise for their leathern Wings,

To make my small Elves Coats; and some keep back

The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots, and wonders

At our quaint Spirits. Sing me now asleep,

Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,*

*Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen,*

*Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,*

*Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

Philomel

*Philomel with Melody.*

*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla. lullaby :  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely Lady nigh,  
So good night with Lullaby.*

2 Fairy.

*Weaving Spiders come not not here ;  
Hence you long-leg'd Spinners hence :  
Beetles black approach not near,  
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.  
Philomel with Melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence away ; now all is well :  
One aloof, stand Centin. l.*

[Exeunt Fairies.]

*Enter Oberon.*

*Ob.* What thou see'st when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true Love take,  
Love and languish for his sake ;  
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,  
Pard, or Boar, with bristled Hair,  
In thy Eye that shall appear,  
When thou wak'st, it is thy Dear ;  
Wake when some vile Thing is near. [Exit Oberon.]

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* Fair Love, you faint with wandring in the  
Wood ;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our Way :  
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the Comfort of the Day.

*Her.* Be it so *Lysander* ; find you out a Bed,  
For I upon this Bank will rest my Head.

*Lys.* One Turf shall serve as Pillow for us both.  
One Heart, one Bed, two Bosoms, and one Troth.

*Her.* Nay good *Lysander*, for my Sake, my Dear,  
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

*Lys.* O take the Sense sweet of my Innocence,  
Love takes the Meaning in Love's Conference ;  
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one-Heart can you make of it :  
Two Bosoms interchanged with an Oath,

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So then two Bosoms, and a single Troth ;  
Then by your side no Bed-room me deny.  
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

*Her* *Lysander* riddles very prettily ;  
Now much beshrew my Manners and my Pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd,  
But gentle Friend, for Love and Curtesie  
Lye further off in human Modesty ;  
Such Separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous Batchelor, and a Maid ;  
So far be distant, and good night sweet Friend,  
Thy Love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet Life end.

*Lys.* Amen, Amen, to that fair Prayer say I,  
And then end Life when I end Loyalty :  
Here is my Bed ; Sleep give thee all his Rest.

*Her.* With half that Wish, the Wisher's Eyes be  
prest. [*They sleep.*]

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the Forest have I gone,  
But *Athenian* find I none,  
On whose Eyes I might approve  
This Flower's Force in stirring Love : .  
Night and Silence! who is here ?  
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear ;  
This is he, my Master said,  
Dispis'd the *Athenian* Maid ?  
And here the Maiden sleeping Sound  
On the dank and dirty Ground.  
Pretty Soul! she durst not lie  
Near this Lack-love, this kill Curtesie,  
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw  
All the Power this Charm doth owe :  
When thou wak'st, let Love forbid  
Sleep his Seat on thy Eye-lid :  
So awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to *Oberon*. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

*Hel.* Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius* !

*Dem.* I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O wilt thou Darling leave me ? Do not so.

*Dem.* Stay on thy Peril, I alone will go.

[*Exit.* *Demetrius.*

*Hel.*

*Hel.* O I am out of Breath in this fond Chace,  
 The more my Prayer the lesser is my Grace.  
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'r she lyes ;  
 For she hath blessed and attractive Eyes,  
 How came her Eyes so bright? Not with salt Tears;  
 If so, my Eyes are oftner wash'd than hers :  
 No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear ;  
 For Beasts that meet me run away for fear :  
 Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*  
 Do as a Monster, fly my Presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling Glass of mine,  
 Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphery Eyne ?  
 But who is here ? *Lysander* on the Ground :  
 Dead or asleep ? I see no Blood, no Wound :  
*Lysander*, if you live, good Sir awake.

*Lys.* And run thro' Fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
 [Waking.]

Transparent *Helen*, Nature here shews Art,  
 That through thy Bosom makes me see thy Heart.  
 Where is *Demetrius* ? Oh how fit a Word.  
 Is that vile Name, to perish on my Sword :

*Hel.* Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so ;  
 What tho' he love your *Hermia* ? Lord, what tho' ?  
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content,

*Lys.* Content with *Hermia* ? No ; I do repent  
 The tedious Minutes I with her have spent ;  
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love :  
 Who will not change a Raven for a Dove ?  
 The Will of Man is by his Reason sway'd,  
 And Reason says you are the worthier Maid,  
 Things growing are not ripe until their Season ;  
 So I being young, 'till now not ripe to Reason,  
 And touching now the Point of human Skill,  
 Reason becomes the Marshal to my Will,  
 And leads me to your Eyes, where I o'erlook  
 Loves's Stories, written in Love's richest Book.

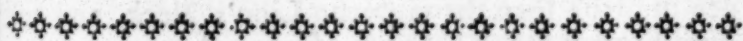
*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen Mockery born ?  
 When at your Hands did I deserve this Scorn ?  
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young Man,  
 That I did never, no nor never can  
 Deserve a sweet Look from *Demetrius's* Eye,

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But you must flout my Insufficiency?  
Good troth you do me wrong, good sooth you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo:  
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,  
I thought you Lord of more true Gentleness:  
Oh, that a Lady of one Man refus'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [Exit.

*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia* sleep thou there,  
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;  
For as a surfeit of the sweetest Things,  
The deepest loathing to a Stomach brings;  
Or as the Heresies that Men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou my Surfeit and my Heresie,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me;  
And all my Powers, address your Love and Might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [Exit.

*Her.* Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best  
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast:  
Ay me, for Pity, what a Dream was here?  
*Lysander* look, how I do quake with fear;  
Me-thought a Serpent eat my Heart away,  
And yet sate smiling at his cruel Prey;  
*Lysander*! what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord!  
What out of hearing, gone? No sound, no Word?  
Alack where are you? Speak, and if you hear,  
Speak of all Loves; I swoon almost with Fear.  
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,  
Either Death or you i'll find immediately. [Exit.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter* Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling. *The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

*Bot.* A R E we all met?  
*Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient Place for our Rehearsal. This green Plot shall be our Stage, this Hawthorn-Brake our Tying-House and we will do it in Action, as we will do it before the Duke. *Bot.*



*Bot. Peter Quince.*

*Quin.* What say'st thou Bully *Bottom*?

*Bot.* There are Things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* Berlaken, a parlous Fear!

*Star.* I believe we muſt leave the Killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed: and for the better Assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus* but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in Eight and Six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in Eight and Eight.

*Snout.* Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with your selves to bring in, God shield us, a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful Thing: for there is not a more fearful wild Fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name, his Name, and half his Face must be seen through the Lion's Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, 'or I would request you, 'or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours; If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life; no, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are? and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

*Quin.*

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*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard Things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a Chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the Moon shine that Night we play our Play?

*Bt.* A Calendr, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that Night.

*Bt.* Why then may you leave a Casement of the great Chamber Window, where we play, open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

*Quin.* Ay, or else one must come in with a Bush of Thorns, and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the Person of Moon-shine; then there is another thing, we must have a Wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the Story, did talk through the Chink of a Wall.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a Wall. What say you *Bottom*.

*Bot.* Some Man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some Rough-cast about him, to signify Wall, or let him hold his Fingers thus; and through the Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well, Come, sit down every Mother's Son, and rehearse your Parts. *Pyramus* you begin; when you have spoken your Speech enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his Cue.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* What hempen Home-spuns have we swaggering  
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen? [here,

What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor;  
An Actor too perhaps, if I see Cause.

*Quin.* Speak *Pyramus*; *Thisby* stand forth.

*Pyr.* *Thisby*, the Flowers of odious Savour's sweet.

*Quin.* Odours, Odours.

*Pyr.* Odours favours sweet,

So doth thy Breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear:

But hark, a Voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by, I will to thee appear.

[Exit *Pyr.*

B

*Puck,*

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*Puck.* A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here.

*Thisb.* Must I speak now ?

*Quin.* Ay marry must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a Noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*Thisb.* Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly white of Hue,  
Of Colour like the red Rose on triumphant Bryer,  
Most brisky *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jem*,  
As true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's Tomb*.

*Quin.* *Ninus Tomb*, Man ; why you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to *Pyramus* ; you speak all your Part at once, Cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your Cue is past ; it is never tire.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Thisb.* O, as true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire.

*Pyr.* If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

*Quin.* O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted ; pray Masters, fly Masters, help. [*The Clowns, Exit.*]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a Round,  
Through a Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Bryer  
Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound,  
A Hog, a headless Bear, sometime a Fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burn,  
Like Horse, Hound, Hog, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Bottom with an Ass Head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away ? This is a Knavery of them to make me afraid.

*Enter Snowt.*

*Snowt.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd ; what do I see on thee ?

*Bot.* What do you see ? You see an Ass-head of your own, do you ?

*Enter Quince.*

*Quin.* Bless thee *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

*Bot.* I see their Knavery, this is to make an Ass of me, to fright me if they could ; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can ; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The Woolf Cock, so black of hue,

With

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With Orange-tawny Bill,  
The Thrortle with his Note so true,  
The Wren and little Quill.

*Queen.* What Angel wakes me from my flowry Bed?

[*Waking.*

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,  
The plain-song Cuckow gray.  
Whole Note full many a Man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay.  
For, indeed, who would set his Wit to so foolish a Bird?  
Who would give a Bird the Lye, tho' he cry Cuckow never so?

*Queen.* I pray thee, gentle Mortal, sing again,  
Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy Note;  
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,  
So is mine Eye enthralled to thy Shape,  
And thy fair Virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

*Bot.* Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that: and yet, to say the Truth, Reason and Love keep little Company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest Neighbours will not make them Friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon Occasion.

*Queen.* Thou art as Wise as thou art Beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had Wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Queen.* Out of this Wood do not desire to go,  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a Spirit of no common Rate;  
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,  
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,  
I'll give the Fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep  
And sing, while thou on pressed Flowers doth sleep:  
And I will purge thy mortal Grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy Spirit go.

*Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and four Fairies.*

1 Fair. Ready.

2 Fair. And I.

B 2

3 Fair.

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3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, Where shall we go?

*Queen.* Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.  
Hop in his Walks, and Gambole in his Eyes,  
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,  
The Honey Bags steal from the humble Bees,  
And for Night Tapers, crop their waxen Thighs,  
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes,  
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise:  
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping Eyes,  
Nod to him Elves, and do him Courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail Mortal, Hail.

2 *Fair.* Hail.

3 *Fair.* Hail.

*Bot.* I cry your Worship's Mercy heartily, I beseech  
your Worship's Name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire of you more Acquaintance, good Ma-  
ster *Cobweb*; if I cut my Finger, I shall make bold with  
you. Your Name, honest Gentleman?

*Peaf.* *Peaseblossom.*

*Bot.* I pray you commend me to Mistress *Squash* your  
Mother, and to Master *Peasecod* your Father. Good  
Master *Peaseblossom*. I shall desire of you more Acquaint-  
ance too. Your Name, I beseech you, Sir?

*Mus.* *Mustardseed.*

*Bot.* Good Master *Mustardseed*, I know your Patience  
well: That same cowardly Giant-like Ox-beef hath de-  
vour'd many a Gentleman of your House. I promise  
you, your Kindred hath made my Eyes water ere now.  
I desire more of your Acquaintance, good Master *Mus-  
tardseed*,

*Queen.* Come wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.  
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watery Eye,  
And when she weeps, weep every little Flower,  
Lamenting some enforced Chastity.

Tye up my Lover's Tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

Enter

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*Enter King of Fairies solus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:  
Then what it was that next came in her Eye,  
Which she must doat on in Extremity.

*Enter Puck.*

Here comes my Messenger: How now mad Spirit,  
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

*Puck.* My Mistress with a Monster is in Love.  
Near to her close and consecrated Bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping Hour,  
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,  
That work for Bread upon *Athenian* Stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a Play,  
Intended for great *Thebes*' Nuptial Day.  
The shallowest thick Skin of that barren sort  
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their Sport  
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a Brake,  
When I did him at this Advantage take,  
An Ass's Nole I fixed on his Head;  
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,  
And forth my Mimick comes; When they him spy,  
As wild Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,  
Or ruffet-pated Choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the Gun's Report,  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky;  
So at his sight, away his Fellows fly,  
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;  
He Murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.  
Their Sense thus weak, lost with their Fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.  
For Briars and Thorns at their Apparel snatch,  
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted Fear,  
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:  
When in that Moment (so it came to pass)  
*Titania* wak'd, and straightway lov'd an Ass.  
*Ob.* This falls out better than I could devise,  
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* Eyes  
With the Love Juice, as I did bid thee do?

B 3

*Puck.*

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*Puck.* I took him sleeping ; that is finish'd too ;  
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,  
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

*Puck.* This is the Woman, but not this the Man.

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loves you so ?  
Lay Breath so bitter on your bitter Foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I shou'd use thee worse ;  
For thou, I fear, has given me cause to curse,  
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,  
Being o'er Shoes in Blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The Sun was not so true unto the Day  
As he to me. Would he have stollen away  
From sleeping *Hermia* ? I'll believe as soon  
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the Moon  
May through the Center creep, and so displease  
Her Brother's Noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*.  
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,  
So should a Murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the Murtherer look, and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the Heart with your stern Cruelty :  
Yet you the Murtherer look as bright and clear  
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering Sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my *Lysander* ? Where is he ?  
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me ?

*Dem.* I'd rather give his Carcass to my Hounds.

*Her.* Out Dog, out Cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of Maiden's Patience. Hast thou slain him then ?  
Henceforth be never numbred among Men.  
Oh ! once tell true, and even for my sake,  
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake ?  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !  
Could not a Worm, an Adder do so much ?  
An Adder did it, for with doubler Tongue  
Than thine, thou Serpent, never Adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your Passion on a mispriz'd mood ;  
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* Blood.  
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

*A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* 31

*Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A Privilege never to see me more;

And from thy hated Presence part I. See me no more,  
Whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce Vein,  
Here therefore for a while I will remain.

So Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow;

For Debt that Bankrupt sleep doth Sorrow owe,

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

*Ob.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid thy Love-Juice on some true Love's fight;

Of thy Misprision must perforce ensue

Some true Love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then Fate o'er-rules, that one Man holding Troth  
A Million fail, confounding Oath on Oath.

*Ob.* About the Wood go swifter than the Wind,  
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.

All Fancy-sick she is, and pale of Cheer;

With sighs of Love, that cost the fresh Blood dear;

By some Illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his Eyes against she doth appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go, look how I go,  
Swifter than an Arrow from the Tartar's Bow. [Exit.

*Ob.* Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with *Cupid's* Archery,

Sink in Apple of his Eye;

When his Love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the *Venus* of the Sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for Remedy.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captain of our Fairy-band,

*Helena* is here at Hand,

And the Youth mistook by me,

Pleading for a Lover's Fee.

Shall we their fond Pageant see?

Lord, what Fools these Mortals be!

*Ob.* Stand aside: The Noise they make

Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

B 4

*Puck,*



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*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one ;  
That must needs be Sport alone.  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lyfander and Helena.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?  
Scorn and Derision never come in Tears.

Look when I vow, I weep, and Vows so born,  
In their Nativity all Truth appears :

How can these things in me seem Scorn to you ?  
Bearing the Badge of Faith to prove them true.

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more,  
When Truth kills Truth, O devilish holy Fray !

These Vows are *Hernia's*. Will you give her o'er?  
Weigh Oath with Oath, and you will nothing weigh  
Your Vows to her and me, put in two Scales,  
Will even weigh, and both as light as Tales.

*Lys.* I had no Judgment when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my Mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, Goddess, Nymph, perfect,  
divine.

To what, my Love, shall I compare thine Eyne?  
Crystal is muddy ; O how ripe in show,  
Thy Lips, those kissing Cherries, tempting grow !  
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* Snow,  
Fann'd with the Eastern Wind, turns to a Crow,  
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kiss  
This Princess of pure white, this seal of Bliss.

*Hel.* O Spight, O Hell ! I see you are all bent  
To set against me, for your Merriment :

If you were civil, and knew Courtesie,  
You would not do me thus much Injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do.

But you must join in Souls to mock me too ?

If you are Men, as Men you are in show,

You would not ute a gentle Lady so :

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my Parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your Hearts.

You both are Rivals, and love *Hernia*.

And

And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.  
A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprife,  
To conjure Tears up in a poor Maid's Eyes,  
With your Derision: None of Noble sort  
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort  
A poor Soul's Patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so,  
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.  
And here with all good will, with all my Heart,  
In *Hermia's* Love I yield you up my Part;  
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do to my Death.

*Hel.* Never did Mockers waste more idle Breath.

*Dem.* *Lysander*, keep my *Hermia*, I will none;  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that Love is gone,  
My Heart to her, but as Guest-wife sojourn'd,  
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* It is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the Faith thou dost not know,  
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.  
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy Dear.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark Night that from the Eye his Function takes,  
The Ear more quick of Apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing Sense,  
It pays the hearing double Recompense.  
Thou art not by mine Eye, *Lysander* found,  
Mine Ear, I thank it, brought me to that Sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom Love doth press to go?

*Her.* What Love could press *Lysander* from my side?

*Lys.* *Lysander's* Love, that would not let him bide;  
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the Night,  
Than all yon fiery O's and Eyes of Light.

Why seekst thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The Hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think: It cannot be.

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*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this Confederacy :  
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,  
 To fashion this false Sport in spite of me,  
 Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful Maid,  
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
 To bait me, with this foul Derision ?  
 Is all the Counsel that we two have shar'd,  
 The Sister's Vows, the Hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty footed Time,  
 For parting us : O ! and is all forgot ?  
 All School-days Friendship, Childhood Innocence ?  
 We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,  
 Have with our Needles, created both one Flower,  
 Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion ;  
 Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key ;  
 As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an Union in partition ;  
 Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,  
 So with two seeming Bodies, but one Heart,  
 Two of the first Life, Coats in Heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one Crest.  
 And will you rend your ancient Love asunder,  
 To join with Men in scorning your poor Friend ?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;  
 Our Sex as well as I may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do find the Injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate Words :  
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my Eyes and Face ?  
 And made your other Love, *Demetrius*,  
 Who even but now did spurn me with his Foot,  
 To call me Goddess, Nymph, Divine, and Rare,  
 Precious, Celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this  
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth *Lysander*  
 Deny your Love, so rich within his Soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, Affection,  
 But by your setting on, by your Consent ?

What though I be not so in Grace as you,  
So hung upon with Love, so fortunate?  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,  
This you should pity rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad Looks,  
Make Mouths upon me when I turn my Back,  
Wink each at other, hold the sweet Jest up:  
This Sport well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any Pity, Grace or Manners,  
You would not make me such an Argument:  
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own Fault,  
Which Death or Absence soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my Excuse;  
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*.

*Hel.* O Excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.  
Thy Threats have no more Strength than her weak praise.  
*Helen*, I love thee, by my Life I do;  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee.  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come.

*Her.* *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you *Ethiops*.

*Dem.* No, no Sir, seem to break loose;  
Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not; you are a tame Man, go,

*Lys.* Hang off thou Cat, thou Burre; vile thing let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a Serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude  
What Change is this, sweet Love?

*Lys.* Thy Love? Out tawny *Tartar*, out;  
Out loathed Medicine; O hated Poyson, hence.

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes looth, and so do you.

*Lys.* *Demetrius*, I will keep my Word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your Bond; for I perceive.

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A weak Bond holds you; I'll not trust your Word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what News, my Love?  
Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lysander*?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since Night you lov'd me; yet since Night you left me:

Why then you left me, O the Gods forbid?

In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my Life;

And never did desire to see thee more,

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no Jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

*Her.* O me, you Jugler, you Canker-blossom,  
You Thief of Love; what, have you come by Night,  
And stolen my Love's Heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, 'faith!

Have you no Modesty, no maiden Shame,

No touch of Bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient Answers from my gentle Tongue?

Fie, fie, you Counterfeit, you Puppet, you.

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that ways go the Game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our Statures; she hath urg'd her height,

And with her Personage, her tall Personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his Esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speak,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my Nails can reach unto thine Eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, Gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me, I was never curst:

I have no Gift at all in Shrewishness;

I am a right Maid for my Cowardize!

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

Because she's something lower than my self,

That I can match her.

*Her*

*Her.* Lower! Hark again.

*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,  
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,  
Did ever keep your Counsels, never wrong'd you,  
Save that, in Love unto *Demetrius*,  
I told him of your stealth into the Wood:  
He follow'd you, for Love I follow'd him,  
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To *Athens* will I bear my Folly back;  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see how simple, and how fond I am,

*Her.* Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish Heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with *Lysander*?

*Hel.* With *Demetrius*.

*Lys.* Be not afraid, she will not harm thee, *Helena*.

*Dem.* No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part,

*Hel.* Oh when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,  
She was a Vixen when she went to School;  
And though she be but little she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? Nothing but low and little?  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you Dwarf,  
You *Minimus*, of hindring Knot-grafs made,  
You Bead, you Acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your Services.  
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,  
Take not her part: For if thou dost intend  
Never so little shew of Love to her,  
Thou shalt abide it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not,  
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose Right  
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee Cheek by Jowl.  
[Exit *Lysander* and *Demetrius*.]

*Her.* You Mistress, all this Coyl is long of you:  
Nay go not back.

*Hel.*

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*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst Company.  
Your Hands than mine are quicker for a Fray,  
My Legs are longer though, to run away. [Exeunt,

*Enter Oberon and Puck.*

*Ob.* This is thy Negligence, still thou mistak'st:  
Or else committ'st thy Knaveries willingly.

*Puck.* Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me I should know the Man,  
By the *Atbenian* Garments he hath on?  
And so far blameless proves my Enterprize,  
That I have 'nointed an *Atbenian's* Eyes;  
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,  
As this their Jangling I esteem a Sport.

*Ob.* Thou seest these Lovers seek a Place to fight;  
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the Night,  
The Starry Welken cover thou anon  
With drooping Frog, as black as *Acheron*.

And lead these testy Rivals so astray  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy T'ongue,  
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter Wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
'Till o'er their Brows Death counterfeiting Sleep  
With leaden Legs and Batty Wings doth creep;  
Then crush this Herb into *Lysander's* Eye,  
Whose Liquor hath this virtuous Property,  
To take from thence all Error, with its Might,  
And make his Eye-balls rowl with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this Derision  
Shall seem a Dream, and fruitless Vision;  
And back to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend  
With League whose date 'till Death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this Affair do thee imploy,  
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;  
And then I will her charmed Eye release  
From Monsters view, and all things shall be Peace.

*Puck.* My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,  
For Night's swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines *Aurora's* Harbinger;

At whose approach; Ghosts wandring here and there,  
Troop home to Church-yards; Damned Spirits all,  
That in Cross-ways and Floods have Burial,  
Already in their wormy Beds are gone,  
For fear lest Day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully exile themselves from Light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd Night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort,  
I with the Morning-Light have oft made sport,  
And like a Forester the Groves may tread;  
Even 'till the Eastern Gate all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed Beams,  
Turns into yellow Gold his salt-green Streams.  
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay;  
We may effect this Business yet ere Day. [*Exit Oberon.*

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down, I will lead them  
up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*,  
lead them up and down. Here comes one.

*Enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* What art thou, proud *Demetrius*?  
Speak thou now.

*Puck.* Here, Villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then to plainer Ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem. Lysander,* speak again;  
Thou Run-away, thou Coward, art thou fled?  
Speak in some Bush: Where dost thou hide thy Head?

*Puck.* Thou Coward, art thou begging to the Stars,  
Telling the Bushes that thou look'st for Wars,  
And wilt not come? Come Recant, come thou Child,  
I'll whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd  
That draws a Sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my Voice, we'll try no Manhood here. [*Ex.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on,  
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.  
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; [*Shifting places.*  
That



That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,  
 And here will rest me. Come thou gentle Day: [*Lyes down.*  
 For it but once thou shew me thy gray Light,  
 I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

*Ent r Puck and Demetrius.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho, ho, Coward why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st: For well I wot  
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,  
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the Face.  
 Where art thou?

*Puck.* Come hither, I am here.

*Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,  
 If ever I thy Face by Day-light see.

Now go thy way: Faintness constraineth me  
 To measure out my length on this cold Bed,  
 By Day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes d wn.*

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary Night, O long and tedious Night,  
 Abate thy Hours; shine Comforts from the East,  
 That I may back to *Athens* by Day-light,  
 From these that my poor Company detest;  
 And Sleep, that sometimes shuts up Sorrow's Eye,  
 Steal me a while from mine own Company. [*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? come one more,  
 Two of both Kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:

*Cupid* is a knavish Lad,  
 Thus to make poor Females mad.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in in woe,  
 Bedabbled with the Dew, and torn with Briars,  
 I can no further crawl, no further go;  
 My Legs can keep no Pace with my Desires:  
 Here will I rest me 'till the break of Day;  
 Heav'n's shield *Lysander*, if they mean a Fray. [*Lyes d wn.*

*Puck.* On the Ground sleep sound,  
 I'll apply to your Eye, gentle Lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the Juice on Lysander's Eye.*

When

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When thou wak'st thou tak'st  
True Delight in the sight of thy former lady's Eye,  
And the Country Proverb known,  
That every Man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown.

*Jack* shall have *Fill*, naught shall go ill,

The Man shall have his Mare again, and all be well.

[Exit Puck.]

[They sleep.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and  
th: King behind them.*

*Queen.* **C**ome, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,  
While I thy amiable Cheeks do coy,  
And stick Musk Roses in thy sleek-smooth Head,  
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

*Bot.* Where's *Peaseblossom*?

*Pease.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my Head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's *Monsieur  
Cobweb*?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* *Monsieur Cobweb*, good *Monsieur* get your weapons in your Hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble-bee on the top of a Thistle, and good *Monsieur* bring me the Honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the Action, *Monsieur*; and good *Monsieur* have a care the Honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a Honey-bag, Signior. Where's *Monsieur Mustardseed*?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your Newfe, *Monsieur Mustardseed*; Pray you leave your Curtsie, good *Monsieur*.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good *Monsieur*, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barber's, *Monsieur*, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the Face.

And

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And I am such a tender Ass, if my Hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Queen.* What, wilt thou hear some Musick, my sweet Love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good Ear in Musick, let us have the Tongs and the Bones.

*Musick Tongs, Rural Musick.*

*Queen.* Or say, sweet Love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly a Peck of Provender; I could munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great Desire to a Bottle of Hay: Good Hay, sweet Hay hath no Fellow.

*Queen.* I have a venturous Fairy That shall seek the Squirrels Hoard, And fetch thee new Nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried Pease. But I pray you let none of your People stir me, I have an Exposition of Sleep come upon me.

*Queen.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Arms; Fairies be gone, and be always away: So doth the Woodbine the sweet Honey-suckle Gently entwist; the female Ivy so Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm. O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

*Enter Puck.*

*Ob.* Welcome, good Robin;  
 Seest thou this sweet Sight?  
 Her Dotage now I do begin to pity;  
 For meeting her of late behind the Wood,  
 Seeking sweet Favours for this hateful Fool,  
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;  
 For she his hairy Temples then had rounded  
 With Coronet of fresh and fragrant Flowers,  
 And that same Dew which sometime on the Buds  
 Was wont to swell like round and orient Pearls,  
 Stood now within the pretty Flouriets Eyes,  
 Like Tears that did their own Disgrace bewail.  
 When I had at my Pleasure taunted her,  
 And she in mild Terms begg'd my Patience,  
 I then did ask of her, her changeling Child,

Which

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Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent  
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land;  
And now I have the Boy, I will undo  
This hateful Imperfection of her Eyes:  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed Scalp  
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain;  
That he awaking when the others do,  
May all to *Athens* back again repair,  
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,  
But as the fierce Vexation of a Dream.  
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's Bud, or Cupid's Flower,  
Hath such Force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania*, wake you my sweet Queen.

*Queen.* My *Oberon*! what Visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamoured of an Ass.

*Ob.* There lies your Love.

*Queen.* How came these Things to pass?

Oh how mine Eyes do loath this Visage now!

*Ob.* Silence a while; *Robin* take off his Head,

*Titania*, Musick call, and strike more dead  
Than common Sleep. Of all these fine the Sense.

*Queen.* Musick, no Musick; such as charmeth Sleep.  
*Musick still.*

*Puck.* When thou awak'st, with thine own Fools Eyes  
peep.

*Ob.* Sound Musick; come my Queen; take hand with me.

And rock the Ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in Amity,

And will to Morrow Midnight solemnly

Dance in *Duke Theseus*' House triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity;

There shall these pairs of faithful Lovers be

Wedded with *Theseus* all in Jollity.

*Puck.* Fair King attend and mark,

I do hear the Morning Lark.

*Ob.*

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*Ob.* Then my Queen in Silence sad,  
Trip we after the Night's Shade;  
We the Globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering Moon.

*Queen.* Come my Lord, and in our Flight,  
Tell me how it came this Night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these Mortals on the Ground.

*Sleepers lye still.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*[Wind Horns.]*

*Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.*

*Thes.* Go one of you, find out the Forester,  
For now our Observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the Day,  
My Love shall hear the Musick of my Hounds:  
Uncouple in the Western Valley, let them go,  
Dispatch I say, and find the Forester.  
We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's Top,  
And mark the Musical Confusion  
Of Hounds; and Echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a Wood of *Creet* they bay'd the Bear  
With Hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear  
Such gallant Chiding. For besides the Groves,  
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,  
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard  
So Musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder.

*Thes.* My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,  
So flew'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung  
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew;  
Crook kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,  
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,  
Each under each. A Cry more tuneable  
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn,  
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*:  
Judge when you hear. But soft, what Nymphs are  
(these?)

*Ege.* My Lord, this is my Daughter here asleep,  
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,  
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's* *Helena*;  
I wonder of their being here together.

*Thes.* No doubt they rose up early, to observe

*Thes*

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The right of *May*, and hearing our Intent,  
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.  
But speak *Egeus*, is not this the Day  
That *Hermia* should give Answer of her Choice?

*Ege.* It is, my Lord.

*Tbes.* Go bid the Huntsmen wake them with their Horns,  
Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.

*Tbes.* Good Morrow Friends; *Saint Valentine* is past:  
Begin these Wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my Lord.

*Tbes.* I pray you all stand up:

I know you two are Rival Enemies,  
How comes this gentle Concord in the World,  
That hatred is so far from Jealousie,  
To sleep by Hate, and fear no Enmity?

*Lys.* My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here:

But as I think, (for truly would I speak)  
And now I do bethink me, so it is;  
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our Intent  
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be  
Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;  
I beg the Law, the Law upon his Head:  
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me,  
You of your *Wife*, and me of my Consent;  
Of my Consent that she should be your *Wife*.

*Dem.* My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their Stealth,  
Of this their Purpose hither to the Wood.  
And I in Fury hither follow'd them,  
Fair *Helena* in Fancy follow'd me:  
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what Power,  
But by some Power it is, my Love  
To *Hermia*, melted as the Snow,  
Seems to me now as the Remembrance of an idle Gaude,  
Which in my Childhood I did doat upon:  
And all the Faith, the Virtue of my Heart,  
The Object and the Pleasure of mine Eye,

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Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,  
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;  
But like a sickness did I loath this Food;  
But as in Health come to my natural Taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

*Tbes.* Fair Lovers you are fortunately met;  
Of this Discourse we shall hear more anon.

*Egeus*, I will over-bear your Will,  
For in the Temple, by and by with us,  
These Couples shall eternally be knit:  
And for the Morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd Hunting shall be set aside.  
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,  
We'll hold a Feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. [*Exe. Duke and Lords.*]

*Dem.* These Things seem small and undistinguishable,  
Like far-off Mountains turned into Clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted Eye,  
When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks;  
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel;  
Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think  
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea, and my Father.

*Hel.* And *Hippolita*.

*Lys.* And he bid us follow to the Temple.

*Dem.* Why then we are awake; let's follow him,  
And by the way let us recount our Dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Bottom wakes.*]

*Bot.* When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
My next is, Most fair *Pyramus* ——— Hey ho,  
*Peter Quince!* Flute the Bellows-mender! Shout the  
Tinker! Starveling! God's my Life! Stop'n' hence, and  
left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a  
Dream past the Wit of Man to say what Deam it was:  
Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound this Dream.  
Methought I was, there is no Man can tell what.  
Methought

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Methought I was, and methought I had. But Man is but a patch'd Fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The Eye of Man hath not heard, the Ear of Man hath not seen; Man's Hand is not able to taste, his Tongue to conceive, nor his Heart to report what my Dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no Bottom? and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death. [Exit.

*Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starvelling.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to *Bottom's* House? Is he come Home yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

*Flute.* If he come not, then the Play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible; you have not a Man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

*Flute.* No, he hath simply the best Wit of any Handy-craft Man in *Athens*.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best Person too; and he is a very Paramour for a sweet Voice.

*Flute.* You must say, Paragon; a Paramour is (God bless us) a Thing of naught.

*Enter Snug.*

*Snug.* Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; If our Sport had gone forward, we had all been made Men.

*Flute.* O sweet Bully *Bottom*; thus hath he lost Six-pence a Day during his Life; he could not have 'scaped Six-pence a Day; and the Duke had not given him Six-pence a Day for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a Day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

*Bot.* Where are these Eads? Where are these Hearts?

*Quin.* *Bottom*, O most couragious Day! O most happy Hour!

*Bot.*



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*Bot.* Masters I am to discourse Wonders; but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

*Bot.* Not a Word of me; all I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together; good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbons to your Pumps, meet presently at the Palace, every Man look o'er his Part; for the short and the long is, our Play is preferred; In any case let *Thisby* have clean Linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion pare his Nails, for they shall hang out for the Lion's Claws; and most dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet Breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more Words; away, go away. [Exeunt.



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.*

*Hip.* **T**IS strange, my *Theseus*, that these Lovers speak of:  
*Thes.* More strange than true. I never may be-  
 These Antick Fables, nor these Fairy Toys; (lieve  
 Lovers and Madmen have such seathing Brains,  
 Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more  
 Then cool Reason ever comprehends.  
 The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet.  
 Are of Imagination all compact:  
 One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;  
 That is the Madman. The Lover, all is frantick,  
 Sees *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt*.  
 The Poet's Eye in a fine Frenzy rowling,  
 Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n:  
 And as Imagination bodies forth.

The

The Forms of Things unknown the Poet's Pen  
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to Airy Nothing  
A local Habitation, and a Name.

Such Trick hath strong Imagination,  
That if he would but apprehend some Joy,  
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy:  
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,  
How easie is a Bush suppos'd a Bear?

*Hip.* But all the Story of the Night told over,  
And all their Minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than Fancies Images,  
And grows to something of great Constancy;  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

*Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

*Thes.* Here comes the Lovers, full of Joy and Mirth:  
Joy, gentle Friends, Joy and fresh Days of Love  
Accompany your Hearts.

*Lys.* More than to us.  
Wait on your Royal Walks, your Board your Bed.

*Thes.* Come now, what Masks, what Dances shall  
we have.

To wear away this long Age of three Hours,  
Between our after-supper and Bed-time?  
Where is our usual Manager of Mirth?  
What Revels are in hand? Is there no Play  
To ease the Anguish of a torturing-Hour?

Call *Egeus*.

*Ege.* Here, mighty *Thesens*.

*Thes.* Say, what Abridgment have you for this  
Evening?

What Mask? What Musick? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time if not with some Delight?

*Ege.* There is a Brief how many Sports are rife:  
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

*Lys.* The Battel with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.

*Thes.* We'll none of that. That have I told my Love  
In glory of my Kinsman *Hercules*.

*Lys.* The Riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,  
Tearing the *Thracian* Singer in their Rage.

*Thes.* That is an old Device, and it was plaid  
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

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*Lys.* The thrice three Muses, mourning for the Learning late deceas'd in Beggary. Death of

*Thef.* That is some Satyr keen and critical, Not forting with a Nuptial Ceremony.

*Lys.* A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus*, And his Love *Thisby*; very tragical Mirth.

*Thef.* Merry and Tragical? Tedious and Brief? That is hot, Ice and wondrous strange Snow. How Shall we find the Concord of this Discord?

*Ege.* A Play there is, my Lord, some ten Words long Which is as brief as I have known a Play;

But by ten Words, my Lord, is it too long, Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play

There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted. And Tragical my Noble Lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself. Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess

Made mine Eyes Water: but more merry Tears The passion of loud Laughter never shed.

*Thef.* What are they that do play it?

*Ege.* Hard handed Men, that work in *Athens* here, Which never labour'd in their Minds 'till now;

And now have toiled their unbreath'd Memories With this same Play against your Nuptials,

*Thef.* And we will hear it.

*Ege.* No, my Noble Lord, It is not for you. I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the World, Unless you can find Sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel Pain, To do you Service.

*Thef.* I will hear that Play: For never any thing can be amiss,

When Simpleness and Duty tender it. Go bring them in, and take your Places, Ladies.

*Hip.* I love not to see Wretchedness e'rcharg'd, And Duty in his Service perishing.

*Thef.* Why, gentle Sweat, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*Thef.* The kinder we, to give them Thanks for nothing.

Our Sport shall be, to take what they mistake,  
And what poor Duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in Might not Merit.

Where I have come great Clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes :  
Where I have seen them shiver, and look Pale,  
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd Accent in their Fears,  
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Sweet,  
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome ?  
And in the Modesty of fearful Duty,  
I read as much, as from the rattling Tongue  
Of sawcy and audacious Eloquence.

Love therefore, and Tongue-tide Simplicity,  
In least, speak most, to my Capacity,

*Ege.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is address.

*Ibes.* Let him approach. [Flor. Trum.]

*Enter Quince for the Prologue.*

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To shew our simple Skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then; we come but in despatch.  
We do not come as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your Delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The Actors are at hand ; and by their Show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

*Ibes.* This Fellow doth not stand upon this Points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt ;  
he knows not the stop. A good Moral, my Lord. It  
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath play'd on his Prologue, like a  
Child on the Recorder ; a sound, but not in govern-  
ment.

*Ibes.* His Speech was like a tangled Chain ; no-  
thing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next ?  
*Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.*

*Enter* Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lion.

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this Show,  
But wonder on, 'till Truth make all things plain.  
This Man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ;  
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.  
This Man with Lime and Rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, the vile Wall, which did these Lovers sunder:  
And through Wall's Chink, poor Souls, they are  
content

To whisper. At the which, let no Man wonder,  
This Man with Lanthorn-Dog, and Bush of Thorn,  
Presenteth Moon-shine : For, if you will know,  
By Moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn  
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grizly Beast, which *Lion* hight by Name,  
The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by Night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright :  
And as she fled, her Mantle she did fall ;  
Which *Lion* vile with bloody Mouth did stain.  
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet Youth and tall,  
And finds his gentle *Thisby's* Mantle slain :  
Whereat, with Blade, with bloody blameful Blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody Breast.  
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry Shade,  
His Dagger drew, and died For all the rest,  
Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

*This.* I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my Lord ; one *Lion* may, when  
many *Asses* do.

*Wall*, in this same Interlude it doth befall,  
That I, one *Snowt* by name, present a Wall :  
And such a Wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a crannied Hole or Chink,  
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,  
Did whisper often very secretly:  
This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth  
shew,

That I am the same Wall ; the truth is so.

And

And this the Cranny is, right and sinister.

Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.

*Thes.* Would you desire Lime and Hair to speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest Partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

*Thes.* *Pyramus* draws near the Wall : Silence.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* O grim look'd Night O Night with hue fo  
O Night, which ever art when Day is no: ! (black  
O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,  
I fear my *Thisby's* Promise is forgot.

And thou, O Wall, thou sweet and lovely Wall,  
That stands between her Father's Ground and mine  
Thou Wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall,  
Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine Eyne  
Thanks, courteous Wall: *Jove* shield thee well for  
But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see. (this.

O wicked Wall, through whom I see no Bliss,  
Curst be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

*Thes.* Wall, methinks, being sensible, should  
Curse again.

*Pyr.* No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*  
Is *Thisby's* cue: she is to enter, and I am to spy  
Her through the Wall. You shall see it will fall.

*Enter Thisby.*

*Pat.* as I told you; yonder she comes

*Thes.* O Wall fall often hast thou heard my Moans,  
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me,  
My cherry Lips has often kiss'd thy Stones?

Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

*Pyr.* I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,  
To spy and I can see my *Thisby's* Face.

*Thisby!*

*Thes.* My Love thou art; my Love; I think.

*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt; I am thy Lovers Grace  
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

*Thes.* And I like *Helen*, will the Fates me kill.

*Pyr.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

*Thes.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you,

*Pyr.* O kiss me through the hole of this vile Wall.

*Thes.* I kiss the Wall's hole, not your Lips at all.

*Pyr.*

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*Pyr.* Wilt thou at *Ninny's Tomb* meet me straight-way?

*This.* Tide Life, tide Death, I come without delay.

*Wall.* Thus have I *Wall*, my Part discharged so:

And being done thus *Wall* away doth go. {Exit.

*This.* Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest Stuff that e'er I heard.

*This.* The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your Imagination then, and not theirs.

*This.* If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for Excellent Men. Here come two noble Beasts in, a Man and a Lion.

*Enter Lion and Moon-shine.*

*Lion.* You Ladies, you whose gentle Hearts do fear The smallest monstrous Mouse that Creeps on floor, May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When Lion rough in wildest Rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner, am

No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's Dam:

For if I should as Lion come in Strife

Into this Place, 'twere pity of my Life.

*This.* A very gentle Beast and of a good Conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a Beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This Lion is a very Fox for his Valour.

*This.* True, and a Goose for his Discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my Lord; for his Valour cannot carry his Discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

*This.* His Discretion I am sure cannot carry his Valour; for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; Leave it to his Discretion, and let us hearken to the Moon. (sent.

*Moon.* This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon pre-

*Dem.* He should have worn Horns on his Head.

*This.* He is no Crescent, and his Horns are invisible, within the Circumference.

*Moon:*

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*Moon.* This *Lantern* doth the *horned Moon* present :

My self the *Man i'th' Moon* doth seem to be.

*Thes.* This is the greatest *Error* of all the *rest* :  
The *Man* should be put into the *Lantern* : How is  
it else the *Man i'th' Moon* ?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the *Candle* ;  
For you see it is already in *Snuff*.

*Hip.* I am weary of this *Moon* ; would he would  
Change.

*Thes.* It appears by his small *Light* of *Discretion*,  
that he is in the *Wane* ; but yet in *courtesies* in all  
reason we must stay the *time*.

*Lys.* Proceed *Moon*.

*Moon.* All that I that have to say, is to tell you,  
that the *Lantern* is the *Moon* ; I, the *Man* in the  
*Moon* ; this *Thorn Bush*, my *Thorn Bush* ; and this  
*Dog*, my *Dog* :

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the *Lantern* ;  
for they are in the *Moon*. But silence ; here comes

*Thisby*.

Enter *Thisby*.

*This.* This is old *Ninny's Tomb* ; where is my *Love* ?

*Lion.* Oh. [*The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.*]

*Dem.* Well roard *Lion*.

*Thes.* Well run *Thisby*.

*Hip.* Well shone *Moon*.

Truly the *Moon* shines with a good *grace*.

*Thes.* Well mouth'd *Lion*.

*Dem.* And then came *Pyramus*.

*Lys.* And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter *Pyramus*.

*Py.* Sweet *Moon*, I thank thee for thy sunny  
I thank thee, *Moon*, for shining now so bright :

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering *Streams*,

I trust to raise of truest *Thisby's* *Sight*.

But stay : O spight ; but mark, poor *Knight*,

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes do you see ! How can it be !

O dainty *Duck* ! O *Dear* !

Thy *Mantle* good ; what stain'd with *Blood* !

Approach you *Furies* fell :



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O Fates! Come, come: Cut Thread and Thrum,  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

*This.* This Passion, and the Death of a dear Friend:  
Would go near to make a Man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my Heart; but I pity the Man,  
*Pyr.* O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lions frame?  
Since Lion wild hath here Desflour'd my Dear:  
Which is --- No, no --- which was the fairest Dame,  
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with  
Cheer.

Come Tears, confound: Out Sword, and wound  
The Pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,  
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the  
Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight, [Sky,  
Now die; die, die, die, die:

*Dem.* No Die, but an Ace for him; for he is but one.

*Dem.* Less than an Ace, Man; for he is dead;  
he is nothing.

*This.* With the help of a Surgeon he might recover,  
and prove an Ass.

*Hip.* How chance the *Moon-shine* is gone, before  
*Thisby* comes back, and finds her Lover?

*Enter Thisby.*

*This.* She will find him by Star-light.  
Here she comes; and her Passion ends the Play.

*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for  
such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Py-*  
*ramus*, which *Thisby* is the better.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet

*Dem.* And thus she means, *videlicet*. [Eyes.

*This.* Asleep, my Love? What Dead, my Dove?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A Tomb  
Must cover thy sweet Eyes.

These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose,

These yellow Cowslip Cheeks

Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan,

His Eyes were green as Leeks.

O Sisters three, come, come to me,  
With Hands as pale as Milk;  
Lay them in gore, since you have shore  
With Sheers, this Thread of Silk,  
Tongue not a Word: Come trusty Sword:  
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue:  
And farewel Friends, thus *Thisby* ends;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Thes.* Moon-shine and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and *Wall* too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you, the *Wall* is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see thee Epilogue, or to hear a *Bergomask* Dance, between two of our Company?

*Thes.* No, Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisby's* Garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your *Burgomask*; let your Epilogue alone.

[*Here a Dance of Clowns.*]

The Iron Tongue of Midnight hath told twelve,  
Lovers, to Bed, 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming Morn,  
As much as we this Night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd

The heavy Gait of Night. Sweet Friends to Bed.

A Fortnight hold we this Solemnity,

In nightly Revel, and new Jollity,

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Puck,*

*Puck.* Now the hungry *Lion* roars,  
And the *Wolf* beholds the *Moon*:  
Whilst the heavy *Ploughmen* snoars,  
All with the weary *Task* fore-done.  
Now the wasted *Brands* do glow,  
Whilst the *Scritch-Owl* scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the *Wretch* that lyes in *Woe*  
In Remembrance of a *Shroud*.

Now,

58 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Now it is the time of Night,  
 That the Graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his Spright.  
 In the Church-way Paths to glide;  
 And we Fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's Team,  
 From the Presence of the Sun,  
 Following Darkneſs like a Dream,  
 Now are Frolick; not a Mouſe  
 Shall diſturb this hallowed Houſe.  
 I am ſent with Broom before,  
 To ſweep the Duſt behind the Door.

*Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.*

*Ob.* Through the Houſe give glimmering Light,  
 By the dead and drowſie Fire,  
 Every Elf and Fairy Spright,  
 Hop as light as Bird from Briar,  
 And this Ditty after me  
 Sing, and Dance it trippingly.

*Queen.* Firſt rehearſe this Song by roat,  
 To each Word a warbling Note.  
 Hand in Hand, with Fairy Grace,  
 Will we ſing and bleſs this Place.

The S O N G.

*Now until the break of Day,  
 Through this Houſe each Fairy ſtray,  
 To the beſt Bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us ſhall Bleſſed be:  
 And the Iſſue there create,  
 Ever ſhall be Fortunate;  
 So ſhall all the Couples three,  
 Ever true in loving be:  
 And the Blots in Nature's Hand  
 Shall not in their Iſſue ſtand;  
 Newer Mole, Hare-lip, nor Scar,  
 Nor Mark Prodigious, ſuch as are  
 Deſpiſed in Natiuity,  
 Shall upon their Children be.  
 With this Field-Dew conſecrate,  
 Every Fairy take his Gate,*

*And*

*A Midsummer-Nights Dream.*

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*And each several Chamber blest,  
Through this Palace with sweet Peace.  
Ever shall it Safely rest,  
And the Owner of it blest.  
Trip away, make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of Day.*

*Puck.* If we. Shadows, have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but Slumbred here,  
While these Visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle Theam,  
No more yielding but a Dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend;  
If you Pardon, we will mend.  
And as I am honest *Puck*,  
If we have unearned Luck,  
Now to 'scape the Serpent's Tongue,  
We will make Amends ere long:  
Else the *Puck* a Liar call.  
So good Night unto you all.  
Give me your Hands, if we be Friends,  
And *Robin* shall restore Amends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



A Dissertation on the Dream

And that I found I could not  
through the Palace with great Ease  
For that it is a high  
And in the Court of it high  
The way, which we see  
That we are all by force of Day

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